

The Comicall Historie of

Didst rob it of some taste of tediousnesse;
But fare thee well, there is a Ducate for thee,
And *Launcelet*, soone at supper shalt thou see
Lorenso, who is thy new Masters guest,
Give him this Letter, doe it secretly,
And so farewell: I would not have my Father
See me in talke with thee.

Clowne. Adiew, teares exhibit my tongue, most beautifull Pa-
gan, most sweet Iewe; if a Christian doe not play the Knave and
get thee, I am much deceived; but adiew, these foolish drops
doe something drowne my manly spirit: adiew. *Exit*.

Ies. Farewell good *Launcelet*.
Alacke, what heinous sinne is it in me
To be asham'd to bee my Fathers child,
But though I am a daughter to his blood,
I am not to his manners: O *Lorenso*,
If thou keepe promise I shall end this strife,
Become a Christian and thy loving wife. *Exit*.

Enter Gratiano, Lorenso, Salaryno, and Salanio.

Loren. Nay, we will sinke away in Supper time,
Disguise us at my lodging, and returne all in an houre.

Grat. We have not made good preparation.

Salar. We have not spoke us yet of Torch-bearers.

Salan. Tis vile unlesse it may be quaintly ordered,
And better in my minde not undertooke.

Loren. Tis now but foure of clocke, we have two houres
To furnish vs; friend *Launcelet* what's the newes.

Enter Launcelet.

Launcelet. And it shall please you to breake up this, it shall
seeme to signifie.

Loren. I know the hand, in faith tis a faire hand,
And whiter then the paper it writ on
Is the faire hand that writ. *Grat*. Love, newes in faith.

Launc. By your leave sir. *Loren*. Whither goest thou,

Launc. Marry sir, to bid my olde Master the Iewe to sup to
night with my new Master the Christian.

Loren. Hold here, take this, tell gentle *Iessica*

I will

the Merchant

I will not faile her, speake it priv
Goe Gentlemen, will you prepar
I am provided of a Torch-bearer
Salar. I marry, Ile be gone ab
Salan. And so will I.

Loren. Meete me and *Gratiano*
Some houre hence. *Salar*. T

Grat. Was not that Letter fro

Loren. I must needes tell thee
How I shall take her from her Fa
What gold and jewels she is fur
What Pages sute shee hath in rea
If ere the Iewe her Father come
It will be for his gentle daughter
And never dare misfortune crosse
Unlesse she doe it under this excu
That she is issue to a faithlesse Iew
Come goe with me, peruse this a
Faile *Iessica* shall be my Torch-be

Enter Iewe and his man t

Iew. Well, thou shalt see, thy
The difference of old *Shylocke* and
What *Iessica*, thou shalt not gurn
As thou hast done with me: wh
And sleepe, and snore, and rend ap
Why *Iessica* I say. *Clowne*

Shy. VVho bids thee call? I do

Clow. Your worship was wor
I could doe nothing without bidd

Enter Iessica

Iessica. Call you? what is you

Shy. I am bid forth to supper
There are my keyes: but wherefo
I am not bid for love, they flatter
But yet Ile goe in hate, to feed up
The prodigall Christian. *Iessica*
Looke to my house, I am right lo